

ROWDY
RHYMES

GATHERED FROM MANY
GAY MINSTRELS



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**AND BIBULOUS BALLADS
GATHERED FROM MANY
GAY MINSTRELS
NEWLY ILLUSTRATED BY
HENRY R. MARTIN**

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ROWDY RHYMES



THE TWIN BUTTES

I ONCE was calm, reserved and shy,
A rather quiet sort of guy,
A simple scribe of artless odes and sonnets,
But that's before I chanced to stray

In that brassiere display
Where lovely ladies modeled bosom bonnets.

And now my simple lyric soul
Is prone to rear and rip and roll;
I'm frisky as a dozen playful kittens;
And I'm afraid I'm not the same
Since those divine upholstered dames
Exhibited their mamillary mittens.

Now I admit that here and there
Among the sex described as fair
I've looked at bosoms foreign and domestic,
From puny papillary warts
And sagging saddle-baggy sorts,
To massive mounds impressive and majestic.

Ah yes, I've been around, and yet
Of all the udders I have met,
And all that I have seen and felt and tasted,
Compared to those I saw the day
I crashed that brassiere display
Suggests my life has been completely wasted.

For these were busts that stood supreme,
The tit ulary creme de creme;
They filled me with tit anic tit illations;

I snort and prance, my reason rants,
My morals rip, I rend my pants
Just thinking of those lactic decorations.

For papillary pulchritude
Imbues in me a wanton mood,
My system seethes with fierce, salacious surges;
When I recall those gorgeous gals
And their delightful bosom pals
My spirit howls with indecorous urges.

And through my old rheumatic frame
Primeval passions flash and flame;
Those domes divine are driving me demented,
And if but once in dishabille
I saw them I would die I feel,
But I would perish happy and contented.

EARL H. EMMONS

GOLDEN RULE

MY BRETHREN, be chaste — till you're tempted;
While sober be grave and discreet;
And humble your bodies with fasting —
Whenever you've nothing to eat.

HER MOTHER NEVER TOLD HER

'Twas a cold winter's evening,
The guests were all leaving,
O'Leary was closing the bar;
When he turned and he said
To the lady in red:

 "Get out!
You can't stay where you are!"

Oh, she wept a sad tear
In her bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentleman dapper
Stepped out of the crapper,
 Good man!

And these are the words that he said:

"Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know
About the ways of college boys
And how they come and go,
 (Mostly go).

Now age has taken her beauty,
And sin has left its sad scar,
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar."



THE AMSTERDAM MAID

IN AMSTERDAM I met a maid —

Mark well what I do say,
In Amsterdam I met a maid,
And she was mistress of her trade!
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

A-roving, a-roving,
Since roving's been my ruin,
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

I took that girl upon my knee —
Mark well what I do say,
I took that girl upon my knee,
Says she, "Young man, you're rather free!"
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

I put my arm around her waist —
Mark well what I do say,
I put my arm around her waist,
Says she, "Young man, you're in great haste!"
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

I touched that fair maid on the toe —
Mark well what I do say,
I touched that fair maid on the toe,
Says she, "Young man, you're rather low!"
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

I felt that fair maid on the calf —
Mark well what I do say,
I felt that fair maid on the calf,
Says she, "Young man, not there by half!"
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

I touched that fair maid on the thigh —
Mark well what I do say,
I touched that fair maid on the thigh,
Says she, “Young man, you’re getting nigh!”
I’ll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

I pinched that fair maid on the rear —
Mark well what I do say,
I pinched that fair maid on the rear,
Says she, “Young man, that’s pretty near!”
I’ll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

I stroked that fair maid on the breast —
Mark well what I do say,
I stroked that fair maid on the breast,
Says she, “Young man, you’ll pass the test!”
I’ll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

I took that fair maid up the stair —
Mark well what I do say,
I took that fair maid up the stair,
Says she, “Young man, you’re nearly there!”
I’ll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

I took that fair maid through the door —
Mark well what I do say,
I took that fair maid through the door,

Says she, "Young man, just one thing more!"
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

I ripped that fair maid's velvet dress —
Mark well what I do say,
I ripped that fair maid's velvet dress,
Says she, "Young man, you'll never guess!"
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

I gave one look and popped my eye —
Mark well what I do say,
I gave one look and popped my eye,
Says she, "I'm Ed. Smith of the F.B.I.!"
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

A-roving, a-roving,
Since roving's been my ruin,
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

THE TEST

HE IS not drunk who, from the floor,
Can rise again and drink some more;
But he is drunk who prostrate lies,
And cannot drink, and cannot rise.

EUGENE FIELD



THE REHEARSAL

I sit here thinking, Will, of you,
Of merry days gone by —
The old church, where oft we sang
Together, you and I;

But thoughts of one rehearsal night
Will constantly arise,
Till *I can read my title clear*
To mansions in the skies.

I'm thinking of the rainy night —
The rest had hurried home —
And we, in Deacon Foster's pew,
Were sitting all alone;
You were a *seeker* then, dear Will,
But not of *things above* —
The length, the depth, the breadth,
the height
Of everlasting love.

And I was on the "anxious" seat,
Uncertain how to move,
Within thine arms of love embraced,
Thy constancy to prove!
And oh! the promises you made —
You were my own dear Will —
What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still.

Oh! what sweet words of love you spoke,
And kissed away the tear;
And how I trembled at the thought
Lest someone should appear;

But when you turned the lights all out,
To guard against surprise,
I bade farewell to every fear,
And wiped my weeping eyes.

I thought, could I these doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes!
And as you climbed the pulpit stairs,
And viewed the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, not death's cold flood
Could fright us from the floor.

And when you fixed the cushions up,
And I reclined at ease,
The pulpit pillow 'neath my head,
And you on bended knees;
With your warm kisses on my lips,
How could I stay your hand;
The veil was lifted, and by faith,
You viewed the promised land.

And oh! what rapturous feelings
Thrilled every nerve, and when
I cried, *Oh Lord! my heart is touched,*
You shouted out *Amen!*

My very soul was all ablaze,
I thought that I could see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

But that was many years ago,
And I've no doubt that you
Remember still the rainy night
In Deacon Foster's pew!
But oh! my first "experience"
Will ne'er forgotten be,
While down the stream of life we glide
To our eternity.

I'm married now, the good man thinks
In me he has a prize;
Ah, me! *Where ignorance is bliss,*
'Tis folly to be wise.
Of you, dear Will, he nothing knows
And so my heart's at rest,
And not a wave of trouble rolls
Across my peaceful breast.



THE SAGA OF REX

PIDDLE No. 1

A FARMER's dog came into town,
His christian name was Rex,
A noble pedigree had he
Unusual was his text.

And as he trotted down the street
'Twas beautiful to see
His work on every corner —
His work on every tree.

PIDDLE No. 2

He watered every gateway too,
And never missed a post,
For piddling was his specialty
And piddling was his boast.
The city curs looked on amazed
With deep and jealous rage
To see a simple country dog
The piddler of the age.

PIDDLE No. 3

Then all the dogs from everywhere
Were summoned with a yell,
To sniff the country stranger o'er
And judge him by the smell.
Some thought that he a king might be,
Beneath his tail a rose,
So every dog drew near to him
And sniffed it up his nose.

PIDDLE No. 4

They smelled him over one by one,
They smelled him two by two;

And noble Rex, in high disdain,
 Stood still till they were through.
Then just to show the whole shebang
 He didn't give a damn,
He trotted in a grocery store
 And piddled on a ham.

PIDDLE NO. 5

He piddled in a mackerel keg —
 He piddled on the floor,
And when the grocer kicked him out
 He piddled through the door.
Behind him all the city dogs
 Lined up with instinct true,
To start a piddling carnival
 And see the stranger through.

PIDDLE NO. 6

They showed him every piddling post
 They had in all the town,
And started in with many a wink
 To pee the stranger down.
They sent for champion piddlers
 Who were always on the go,
Who sometimes did a piddling stunt
 Or gave a piddle show.

PIDDLE No. 7

They sprang these on him suddenly
When midway in the town;
Rex only smiled and polished off
The ablest, white or brown;
For Rex was with them every trick
With vigor and with vim,
A thousand piddles more or less
Were all the same to him.

PIDDLE No. 8

So he was wetting merrily
With hind leg kicking high,
When most were hoisting legs in bluff
And piddling mighty dry.
On and on, Rex sought new grounds
By piles and scraps and rust,
Till every city dog went dry
And piddled only dust.

PIDDLE No. 9

But on and on went noble Rex
As wet as any rill,
And all the champion city pups
Were pee'd to a standstill.

Then Rex did free-hand piddling
With fancy flirts and flits,
Like “double dip” and “gimlet twist”
And all those latest hits.

PIDDLE No. 10

And all the time this country dog
Did never wink or grin,
But piddled blithely out of town
As he had piddled in.

THE PUDDLE

The city dogs conventions held
To ask, “What did defeat us?”
But no one ever put them wise
That Rex had diabetes.

FIVE REASONS

IF ON my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why I drink, —
Good wine, a friend, because I’m dry,
Or lest I should be by and by,
Or any other reason why.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I WISH all the girls were like fish in the ocean,
And I was a whale — then I'd show them the
motion.

O, roll your leg over, O, roll your leg over,
O, roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like sheep in a pasture,
And I was a ram — then I'd make 'em run faster.
O, roll your leg over, O, roll your leg over,
O, roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like mares in a corral,
And I was a stallion — then I'd make 'em
immoral.

O, roll your leg over, O, roll your leg over,
O, roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like B-29's,
And I was a Mustang — then I'd buzz their
behinds.

O, roll your leg over, O, roll your leg over,
O, roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like little white rabbits,
And I was a hare — then I'd show them bad
habits.

O, roll your leg over, O, roll your leg over,
O, roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like bells in a tower,
And I was a clapper — then I'd bang them each
hour.

O, roll your leg over, O, roll your leg over,
O, roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like wheat in a field,
And I were a scythe — then I'd make them all
yield.

O, roll your leg over, O, roll your leg over,
O, roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish that each girl were a big toy balloon,
Then I'd take out my pin — and make them go
boom.

O, roll your leg over, O, roll your leg over,
O, roll your leg over the man in the moon.



MADemoisELLE FROM ARMENTIERES

OH, MADemoisELLE from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,

She wore her dresses awful loose
And waggled her headlights and caboose!
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
You didn't have to know her long
To know the reason men go wrong!
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
She liked them big, did Mademoiselle,
The bigger they were, the harder they fell,
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
She took up with a well-dressed Lieut.,
And turned him loose in his union suit!
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
When Sherman said that war was Hell
He'd never kissed a Mademoiselle!
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
She drank the Scotch at all the bars
And that was why she rolled her R's!
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
She never could hold the love of a man
For she took all her baths from a talcum can,
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,

She's the hardest working girl in town
For she makes her living upside-down,
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
The cooties ramble through her hair
But she only murmurs, "C'est la guerre!"
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
She gave me a wink and said "Oui, oui!"
Oh, fireman, turn the hose on me!
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous,
To Heaven I hope she'll go some day,
But I fear she'll go the other way!
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.



R-E-M-O-R-S-E

THE COCKTAIL is a pleasant drink,
It's mild and harmless, I don't think.
When you've had one, you call for two,
And then you don't care what you do.

Last night I hoisted twenty-three
Of these arrangements into me;
My wealth increased, I swelled with pride;
I was pickled, primed and ossified.

R-E-M-O-R-S-E!

Those dry martinis did the work for me.

Last night at twelve I felt immense;
Today I feel like thirty cents.
At four I sought my whirling bed,
At eight I woke with such a head!
It is no time for mirth or laughter —
The cold, grey dawn of the morning after.

If ever I want to sign the pledge,
It's the morning after I've had an edge;
When I've been full of the oil of joy
And fancied I was a sporty boy.
This world was one kaleidoscope
Of purple bliss, transcendent hope.
But now I'm feeling mighty blue —
Three cheers for the W.C.T.U.!

R-E-M-O-R-S-E!

The water wagon is the place for me.

I think that somewhere in the game,
I wept and told my maiden name.

My eyes are bleared, my copper's hot;
I try to eat, but I can not;
It is no time for mirth or laughter —
The cold, grey dawn of the morning after.

GEORGE ADE

PADDY MURPHY

THE NIGHT that Paddy Murphy died
I never shall forget!
The whole damn town got stinking drunk
And they're not sober yet.

There is one thing they did that night
That filled me full of fear:
They took the ice right off the corpse
And stuck it in the beer.

That's how they showed their respect for
Paddy Murphy,
That's how they showed their honor and
their fight,
That's how they showed their respect for
Paddy Murphy
They drank his health in ice-cold beer that
night!

BLUE VELVET BAND

ONE EVENING while out for a ramble;
Here or there without thought or design,
I chanced on a luscious young damsel,
At the corner of Kearney and Pine.

On her face was the flush of desire,
Her bright eyes could implore or command;
Her bright hair was all golden and silky,
And was bound with a Blue Velvet Band.

To her house, which was cosy and pleasant,
She invited me in with a smile;
She seemed so refined, gay, and charming,
As she said I might tarry awhile.

She then shared with me a collection
Of whiskies of excellent brand,
And conversed in elegant language;
The Girl with the Blue Velvet Band.

But what struck me the most was a back room
Designed by an artistic hand;
'Twas the costly "lay-out" of a hop-fiend,
And that fiend was my Blue Velvet Band.

On a pile of soft robes and pillows
She reclined with me there on the floor,
Then we both hit the pipe and I slumbered,
And dreamed I was ten men, or four.

Then when our dreams had subsided,
We arose from our strange slumber-land,
I cranked up the shiny Victrola,
And waltzed with my Blue Velvet Band.

.

Six months in the grasp of my charmer,
In bliss did my life pass each day,
Till from opium she led me to thieving,
And artfully taught me the way.

One night, returning home weary,
With the loot from a fine jewelry store,
I heard two people conversing,
As I quietly opened the door.

“If you’ll give me the goods to convict him,”
Said a stranger, real oily and bland,
“Then you’ll prove you really do love me!”
“It’s a deal!” said my Blue Velvet Band.

Ah, hah! how my heart filled with anger
At that woman, so fair, false, and vile;

And to think that once I'd adored her,
Brought to my lips a sneer and a smile!

I had risked my best years for that woman,
All my life was hers to command;
But she goes and squeals to a copper —
Then to Hell with my Blue Velvet Band.

I'd been hunted like a beast of the jungle
By such cops a few minutes before,
And my temper was none of the sweetest,
As I quietly snapped shut the door.

The cop's dirty arms were around her,
When he saw the cold gat in my hand,
Then he suddenly left through the window
So I turned on my Blue Velvet Band.

I wanted to plug my fair partner,
And lay her out dead in the place,
But being afraid of the death-house,
I settled for smashing her face.

My fist made a mess of her features,
I punched till I knocked out her teeth;
Her nose was no more, and a puddle of gore
Was formed on the carpet beneath.

And when I was done with my sweetheart,
I packed up my swag and my rod,
I washed off the blood from my fingers,
Walked out, and left her with God.

.

Years later, a street-car conductor,
Living clean with my wife and six kids,
I espied my old flame, a poor seedy dame,
Who clearly was far down the skids.

She smirked at a smelly ditch digger
And cuddled against him with guile,
But his face gave a sneer as he sighted the leer
That she made with her misshapen smile.

Her frame was OK, and she play-acted gay,
As when first I fell under her hand,
But her beaten-up face could only grimace:
— I was quits with my Blue Velvet Band!

CHAMPAGNE

HERE'S to champagne, the drink divine,
That makes us forget our troubles;
It's made of a dollar's worth of wine
And six dollars' worth of bubbles.

OTHER MADEMOISELLES

Oh, Mademoiselle from Baccarat,
Parlez-vous,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Baccarat,
Parlez-vous,
She's in business with her ma
And their standard price is a chocolate bar,
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Oh, Mademoiselle from St. Nazaire,
Parlez-vous,
Oh, Mademoiselle from St. Nazaire,
Parlez-vous,
She never had heard of underwear
And so she wore her bottom bare,
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Orléans,
Parlez-vous,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Orléans,
Parlez-vous,
A skin like silk, a heart like bronze,
She gypped me out of my Liberty Bonds!
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Gay Paree,
Parlez-vous,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Gay Paree,
Parlez-vous,
The only thing that she gave free
The doctors took away from me!
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Montparnasse,
Parlez-vous,
Oh, Mademoiselle from Montparnasse,
Parlez-vous,
As soon as she'd spy a Colonel's brass,
She'd take off her skirt and roll in the grass,
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.

Do y'know the Mademoiselle from Brest?
Parlez-vous,
Do y'know the Mademoiselle from Brest?
Parlez-vous,
She looked high-class, but she undressed —
Yes, she's the same as all the rest!
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.



MAE WEST'S BUST

MY EYES have seen upon life's screen
The wreck of countless dreams,
Where'er I turn 'tis but to learn
That naught is as it seems,

And 'neath the sun I've found but one
Tradition I can trust,
One thing that's sure and does endure
Is Mae West's bust.

My many years are wet with tears
As down my checkered way
All I held true went up the flue
And perished day by day;
I've viewed with grief each pet belief
Go crumbling into dust
Till quite bereft there's nothing left
But Mae West's bust.

The world is nuts and filled with mutts
Who should have died at birth;
We're led by heels with no ideals
And morons rule the earth;
Our ancient creeds are crushed by greed,
By graft and bunk and lust
Till naught remains that's sure and sane
But Mae West's bust.

Nor friends nor fame remain the same
And life's a hollow shell,
I'm betting odds there are no gods,
Nor Paradise nor Hell;

No lucid laws, no Santa Claus;
Injustice rules the just;
In all life's range all models change
But Mae West's bust.

Though void of hope, still on I grope
For something staunch and real,
My slender faith a frazzled wraith,
Yet seeking some ideal,
Till wracked by care and black despair
And glutted with disgust,
My heart would stop without the prop
Of Mae West's bust.

Then let us crown this matchless mound
For the courage it instills;
Oh noble shrine! Oh dome divine!
Eternal as the hills;
Serene and fair it rises there,
One promise we can trust,
One changeless thing to which we cling:
Mae West's bust.

EARL H. EMMONS



THE OLD BACKHOUSE

WHEN memory keeps me company and moves
to smiles or tears,
A weather-beaten object looms through the
mist of years.

Behind the house and barn it stood, a hundred
yards or more,
And hurrying feet a path had made, straight to
its swinging door.
Its architecture was a type of simple classic art,
But in the tragedy of life it played a leading part.
And oft the passing traveler drove slow, and
heaved a sigh,
To see the modest hired girl slip out with
glances shy.

We had our posey garden that the women loved
so well,
I loved it, too, but better still I loved the stronger
smell
That filled the evening breezes so full of homely
cheer,
And told the night-o'ertaken tramp that human
life was near.
On lazy August afternoons, it made a little
bower
Delightful, where my grandsire sat and whiled
away an hour.
For there the morning glory its very eaves
entwined,
And berry bushes reddened in the steaming soil
behind.

All day fat spiders spun their webs to catch the
buzzing flies
That flitted to and from the house, where Ma
was baking pies
And once a swarm of hornets bold, had built a
palace there,
And stung my unsuspecting aunt — I must not
tell you where.
Then father took a flaming pole — that was a
happy day —
He nearly burned the building up, but the
hornets left to stay.

When summer bloom began to fade and winter
to carouse
We banked the little building with a heap of
hemlock boughs.
But when the crust was on the snow and the
sullen skies were gray,
In sooth the building was no place where one
could wish to stay.
We did our duties promptly, there one purpose
swayed the mind.
We tarried not, nor lingered long on what we
left behind.
The torture of that icy seat would make a
Spartan sob,

For needs must scrape the goose-flesh with a
lacerating cob,
That from a frost-encrusted nail, was suspended
by a string —
For father was a frugal man and wasted not a
thing.

When grandpa had to “go out back” and make
his morning call,
We’d bundle up the dear old man with a muffler
and a shawl,
I knew the hole on which he sat — ’twas padded
all around,
And once I dared to sit there — ’twas all too
wide I found.
My loins were all too little, and I jack-knifed
there to stay,
They had to come and get me out, or I’d have
passed away.
Then father said ambition was a thing that boys
should shun,
And I just used the children’s hole till childhood
days were done.

And still I marvel at the craft that cut those holes
so true,
The baby hole, and the slender hole that fitted
Sister Sue.

That dear old country landmark! I've tramped
 around a bit,
And in the lap of luxury my lot has been to sit.
But ere I die I'll eat the fruit of trees I robbed of
 yore,
Then seek the shanty where my name is carved
 upon the door.
I ween the old familiar smell will soothe my
 jaded soul,
I'm now a man, but none the less, I'll try the
 children's hole.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

SNAKES

SAINT PATRICK was a gentleman,
 Who through strategy and stealth,
Drove all the snakes from Ireland —
 Here's a bumper to his health.

But not too many bumpers,
 Lest we lose ourselves, and then
Forget the good Saint Patrick
 And see the snakes again.



BALLAD OF YUKON JAKE

[The Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal]

OH THE North Countree is a bad countree
That mothers a bloody brood;
And its icy arms hold hidden charms
For the greedy, the sinful and lewd.

And strong men rust, from the gold and lust
That sears the Northland soul,
But the wickedest born, from the Pole to the
Horn,
Is the Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal.

Now Jacob Kaime was the Hermit's name,
In the days of his pious youth,
Ere he cast a smirch on the Baptist church
By betraying a girl named Ruth.

But now men quake at Yukon Jake,
The Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal,
For that is the name that Jacob Kaime
Is known by from Nome to the Pole.

He was just a boy and the parson's joy
(Ere he fell for the gold and the muck),
And he learned to pray, with the hogs and
hay
On a farm near Keokuk.

But a Service tale of illicit kale —
And whisky and women wild —
Drained the morals clean as a soup-tureen
From this poor but honest child.

He longed for the bite of a Yukon night
And the Northern Light's weird flicker,
For a game of stud in the frozen mud,
And the taste of raw red licker.

He wanted to mush along in the slush
With a team of husky hounds,
And to fire his gat at a beaver hat
And knock it out of bounds.

So he left his home for the hell-town Nome
On Alaska's ice-ribbed shores,
And he learned to curse and to drink and
worse —
Till the rum dripped from his pores.

When the boys on a spree were drinking it free
In a Malamute saloon
And Dan McGrew and his dangerous crew
Shot craps with the piebald coon:

When the Kid on his stool banged away like
a fool
At a jag-time melody
And the bar-keep vowed to the hardboiled
crowd
That he'd cree-mate Sam McGee —

Then Jacob Kaime, who had taken the name
Of Yukon Jake, the Killer,
Would rake the dive with his forty-five
Till the atmosphere grew chiller.

With a sharp command he'd make 'em stand
And deliver their hard-earned dust,
Then drink the bar dry of rum and rye,
As a Klondike bully must.

Without coming to blows he would tweak the
nose
Of Dangerous Dan McGrew,
And becoming bolder, throw over his shoulder
The Lady that's known as Lou.

Oh, tough as steak was Yukon Jake —
Hardboiled as a picnic egg.
He washed his shirt in the Klondike dirt,
And drank his rum by the keg.

In fear of their lives (or because of their wives)
He was shunned by the best of his pals;
An outcast he, from the com'raderie
Of all but wild animals.

So he bought the whole of Shark Tooth Shoal,
A reef in the Bering Sea,

And he lived by himself on a sea lion's shelf
In lonely iniquity.

But miles away, in Keokuk, Ia.
Did a ruined maiden fight
To remove the smirch from the Baptist Church
By bringing the heathen Light.

And the Elders declared that all would be
squared
If she carried the holy words
From her Keokuk home to the hell-town Nome
To save those sinful birds.

So, two weeks later, she took a freighter,
For the gold-cursed land near the Pole,
But Heaven ain't made for a lass that's betrayed —
She was wrecked on Shark Tooth Shoal!

All hands were tossed in the sea and lost —
All but the maiden Ruth,
Who swam to the edge of the sea lion's ledge
Where abode the love of her youth.

He was hunting a seal for his evening meal
(He handled a mean harpoon)
When he saw at his feet not something to eat,
But a girl in a frozen swoon.

Whom he dragged to his lair by her dripping
hair,
And he rubbed her knees with gin.
To his surprise she opened her eyes
And revealed —his Original Sin!

His eight months' beard grew stiff and weird
And it felt like a chestnut burr,
And he swore by his gizzard — and the Arctic
blizzard
That he'd do right by her.

But the cold sweat froze on the end of her nose
Till it gleamed like a Tecla pearl,
While her bright hair fell like a flame from hell
Down the back of the grateful girl.

But a hopeless rake was Yukon Jake
The Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal!
And the dizzy maid he rebetrayed
And wrecked her immortal soul!

Then he rowed her ashore with a broken oar,
And he sold her to Dan McGrew
For a husky dog and a hot egg-nog —
As rascals are wont to do.

Now ruthless Ruth is a maid uncouth
With scarlet cheeks and lips,
And she sings rough songs to the drunken
thongs
That come from the sealing ships.

For a rouge-stained kiss from this infamous
miss
They will give a seal's sleek fur,
Or perhaps a sable, if they are able;
It's much the same to her. . . .

Oh, the North Countree is a hard countree,
That mothers a bloody brood;
And its icy arms hold hidden charms
For the greedy, the sinful and lewd.

And strong men rust, from the gold and lust
That sears the Northland soul,
But the wickedest born from the Pole to the
Horn
Is the Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal!

EDWARD E. PARAMORE, JR.



LITTLE WILLIE

WHEN Willie was a little boy,
Not more than five or six,
Right constantly he did annoy
His mother with his tricks.

Yet not a picayune cared I
For what he did or said,
Unless, as happened frequently,
The rascal wet the bed.

Closely he cuddled up to me
And put his hand in mine,
Till all at once I seemed to be
Afloat in seas of brine.
Sabean odors clogged the air,
And filled my soul with dread,
Yet I could only grin and bear
When Willie wet the bed.

'Tis many times that rascal has
Soaked all the bed-clothes through,
Whereat I'd feebly light the gas
And wonder what to do.
Yet there he lay, so peaceful-like,
God bless his curly head!
I quite forgave the little tyke
For wetting of the bed.

Ah, me! those happy days have flown,
My boy's a father too,
And little Willies of his own
Do what he used to do.

And I, ah! all that's left for me
Are dreams of pleasure fled;
My life's not what it used to be
When Willie wet the bed!

EUGENE FIELD

HUMORESQUE

PASSENGERS will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the station
— I love you.

We encourage constipation
While the train is in the station,
So be brave and do your duty
— Hold your brew.

If you cannot hold your water
Won't you call a Pullman porter
He will bring a little pot or two
— The conductor is taboo.

If the pot does not suffice
The rear platform's very nice
And there's such a gorgeous view
— California skies remind me, dear,
of you.

QUARTERMASTER SONG

[*Refrain*]: MY EYES are dim, I cannot see;
I have not brought my specs with me;
I . . . have . . . not . . . brought my specs with me.

For it's whisky, whisky, whisky,
That makes you feel so frisky,
In the corps, in the corps.
For it's whisky, whisky, whisky
That makes you feel so frisky
In the Quartermaster Corps.

For it's gin, gin, gin,
That makes you want to sin,
In the corps, in the corps.
For it's gin, gin, gin
That makes you want to sin
In the Quartermaster Corps.

For it's beer, beer, beer,
That makes you *insincere*,
In the corps, in the corps.
For it's beer, beer, beer
That makes you *insincere*
In the Quartermaster Corps.

For it's scotch, scotch, scotch,
That gets you in the crotch,
In the corps, in the corps.
For it's scotch, scotch, scotch
That gets you in the crotch
In the Quartermaster Corps.

For it's ale, ale, ale,
That gets you by the tail,
In the corps, in the corps.
For it's ale, ale, ale
That gets you by the tail
In the Quartermaster Corps.

For it's rye, rye, rye,
Puts tears into your eye,
In the corps, in the corps.
For its rye, rye, rye
Puts tears into your eye
In the Quartermaster Corps.

[*Refrain*]: My eyes are dim, I cannot see;
I have not brought my specs with me;
I . . . have . . . not . . . brought my specs with me.



THE LADIES

I'VE TAKEN my fun where I've found it;
I've rogued an' I've ranged in my time;
I've 'ad my pickin' o' sweet'earts,
An' four o' the lot was prime.

One was a 'arf-caste widow,
One was a woman at Prome,
One was the wife of a *jemadar-sais*,
An' one is a girl at 'ome.

*Now I aren't no 'and with the ladies,
For, takin' 'em all along,
You never can say till you've tried 'em,
An' then you are like to be wrong.
There's times when you'll think that you
mightn't,
There's times when you'll think that you
might;
But the things you will learn from the Yellow
and Brown,
They'll 'elp you an 'eap with the White!*

I was a young un at 'Oogli,
Shy as a girl to begin;
Aggie de Castrer she made me,
An' Aggie was clever as sin;
Older than me, but my first 'un —
More like a mother she were —
Showed me the way to promotion an' pay,
An' I learned about women from 'er.

Then I was ordered to Burma,
Actin' in charge o' Bazar,

An' I got a tiddy live 'eathen
Through buyin' supplies off 'er pa.
Funny an' yellow an' faithful —
Doll in a teacup she were,
But we lived on the square like a true-married
pair,
An' I learned about women from 'er.

Then we was shifted to Neemuch
(Or I might ha' been keepin' 'er now),
An' I took with a shiny she-devil,
The wife of a nigger at Mhow;
'Taught me the gipsy-folks' *bolees*;
Kind o' volcano she were,
For she knifed me one night 'cause I wished
she was white,
An' I learned about women from 'er.

Then I come 'ome in the trooper,
'Long of a kid o' sixteen —
Girl from a convent at Meerut,
The straightest I ever 'ave seen.
Love at first sight was 'er trouble,
She didn't know what it were;
An' I wouldn't do such, 'cause I liked her too
much,
But — I learned about women from 'er!

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
An' now I must pay for my fun,
For the more you 'ave known o' the others
The less you will settle to one;
An' the end of it's sittin' an' thinkin',
An' dreamin' Hell-fires to see;
So be warned by my lot (which I know you
will not),
An' learn about women from me!

*What did the colonel's lady think?
Nobody ever knew.
Somebody asked the sergeant's wife,
An' she told 'em true.
When you get to a man in the case,
They're like as a row of pins —
For the colonel's lady an' Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins!*

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE RIDDLE

HERE'S a riddle most abstruse:
Can you read the answer right?
Why is it that my tongue grows loose
Only when I grow tight?

A LAST TOAST

HERE'S to the four virtues of a good life —
Swearing, Stealing, Drinking and Lying.

When you swear, swear by your country;
When you steal, steal away from bad company;
When you drink, drink cheerfully with me;
And when you lie, lie with your pretty wife.



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